

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

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May 24, 1944



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My Goodness — My GUINNESS

LONDON
MAY 24, 1944

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

Mrs. H. S. Phillpotts and Her Daughter

In 1940 Miss Finola Mary FitzGerald, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, was married to Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, of Warneford House, Buckland, near Faringdon. She is a niece of Sir John FitzGerald, 21st Knight of Kerry, and on her mother's side a granddaughter of the late Captain Forester, famous Master of the Quorn Hounds, and a great granddaughter of the late Sir Powlett Milbanke, Bt. Colonel Phillpotts is serving with the C.M.F., and his wife is doing part-time war work. Their daughter, Rebecca Aimee, was born in August last year



WAY OF THE WAR

"By Foresight"

Beginning

IN his Order of the Day General Sir Harold Alexander told soldiers of the Fifth and Eighth Armies that the honour had fallen to them to strike the first blows to bring freedom once more to Europe. Blows were about to fall from the east and the west, from north and south, which would result in the final destruction of the Nazis. I wish General Alexander had used the word Germans instead of Nazis, but probably this does not really matter for publication of his Order was followed by the greatest massed artillery barrage of the war. The German positions were shelled from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Gæta. This onslaught caused the Germans to shudder and has undoubtedly shaken them so much that up to the time of writing they do not appear to have recovered.

The beginning of the final assault on Hitler's hordes who have held Europe in bondage for the past four years is going well. As yet there has been no pause, and no sign of a set-back is visible. The offensive had been long and carefully planned. The Germans are faced with superiority in men and material, with overwhelming air power and the freedom of the seas to maintain supplies. General Alexander is no facile optimist and it is clear from the factual accounts sent by War Correspondents that optimism is not being encouraged in his headquarters. It is a good beginning to give full recognition to the efforts which will be required to achieve victory.

Advantage

THE Germans in Italy are jumpy. Although Field-Marshal Kesselring has about twenty-

five divisions at his disposal, they are not likely to prove sufficient for his needs. He may be compelled to ask Berlin for reinforcements to stem the weight of the Allied attack. But the German High Command will have to be sparing in the allotment of additional assistance. They cannot know when the next blows will fall. It will be for the German General Staff to decide which of these blows is designed to stretch towards the actual heart of Germany. They may think that Italy does not come within this category and in reality is one of numerous feints which the Allies have planned to make. Nevertheless the defeat of the German armies in Italy would be a serious blow to the German people. Any faith they ever had in the Luftwaffe has disappeared, all their hopes are pinned as ever in their history on the German Army.

In this connection General Dittmar has now surpassed his gloomiest forebodings. He has told the German people, presumably with the assent and probably at the instigation of the High Command, that there is no question of victory for Germany. Her problem is how to escape defeat. General Dittmar conveyed this bad news in these words, which may be pregnant with inner meaning. "It is a great tragedy for the German military leadership that its brains in present military operations must be concentrated not on the question how to achieve victory but how to avoid defeat." There was no reference to the Fuehrer in this lament. If anything, there is the suggestion that had the military leaders had their way they would not be in this tragic position. All the comfort General Dittmar could give his listeners was: "We have done everything



M. Pierlot Stands to Attention

The Belgian Prime Minister, visiting the Special Services Group headquarters, listened to the playing of the Royal Salute with Maj.-Gen. R. G. Sturges, the G.O.C. Many Belgian troops are members of the group

humanly possible to be ready." If these words represent the true feelings of the German Army leaders—and one must always be prepared for the sinister design—the Allies undoubtedly start with extra advantages in this final battle to restore freedom to Europe.

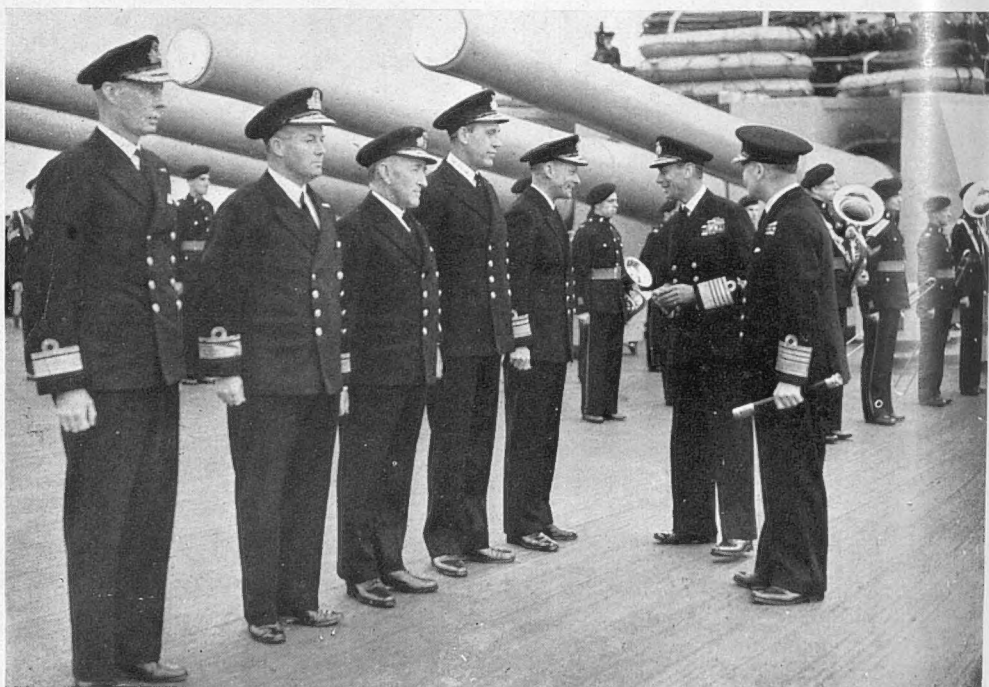
Significant

THERE may be some significance in the appointment of Field-Marshal von Rundstedt as Supreme Commander of the German defence forces in Western Europe and that Rommel receives no greater recognition than the leadership of an Army. Rommel's favours



General Visits Admiral

Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery recently went "to pay his respects to the Navy." He was received by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C-in-C the Home Fleet, on board his flagship, where he took the salute at a march past of the ship's company



The King With the Home Fleet

The King paid a four-day visit to the Home Fleet not long ago. Above, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser introduces to His Majesty his flag officers: Vice-Admiral Sir H. R. Moore, Rear-Admiral F. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton, Rear-Admiral R. R. McGrigor, Rear-Admiral A. W. La T. Bisset and Rear-Admiral W. R. Slaytor



British Service Chiefs Receive Soviet Awards

The Order of Suvorov, the highest Soviet military order, was presented to five British leaders. Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Admiral Sir John Tovey and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris received their decorations from Mr. Gusev, the Soviet Ambassador, at the Soviet Embassy. Lady Harris and Lady Margaret Alexander were at the ceremony. Gen. Sir Harold Alexander and Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser were the other two recipients of the order not present.

from Hitler do not seem to have benefited him. The German High Command appear to believe that their fate may be safer in the hands of an old and tried member of their caste, such as Field-Marshal Rundstedt. Some months ago there were stories circulating in Europe that Rundstedt was in favour of seeking a compromise peace with the Allies. It was one of those stories which could not be confirmed. But the fact that he has been given this key post is interesting, to say the least.

Determination

THE deliberation of the Empire Prime Ministers over which Mr. Churchill presided from beginning to end, resulted in one definite understanding. On this occasion there will be no half measures in bringing the war to an end and establishing the Allied victory. The single aim of the British and American leaders is to compel those German leaders who started this war to sign the Allied terms in Berlin itself. No opportunity is to be given to the Germany of the future to launch fresh aggression on the strength of the legend that the German Army was not defeated. It is fully recognized now that the existence of this legend since 1918 has been of incalculable benefit to the German military leaders, and to Hitler the politician.

Neutrality

GENERAL FRANCO has proclaimed that he will not tolerate interference from the Allies. This is only a political gambit designed to assist his personal position. Force of circumstances has made him agree to the Allied terms, and though he may not like them he will have to fulfil them or lose badly-needed supplies of oil. The Germans in the Consulate at Tangier may yet resist the Spanish request to remove themselves. If they do, the last word is still with the Allies.

General Franco is no mean politician. His position is stronger at this moment than it has been for two years. The principal reason for this is the pathetic desire of the Spaniards to maintain complete neutrality. They have suffered so much in the past that they are

anxious to avoid being dragged into the war. But every day they hear of the German soldiers who are garrisoned in the Pyrenees and they wonder. Thus they put their faith in General Franco to save them, and he answers the call by insisting on Spain's neutrality. What will happen when the Germans have left the Pyrenees, and the shadow of fear is lifted from the population of Spain is a matter for conjecture. Competent observers believe that this relief will mean the disappearance of General Franco from the political scene.

Resistance

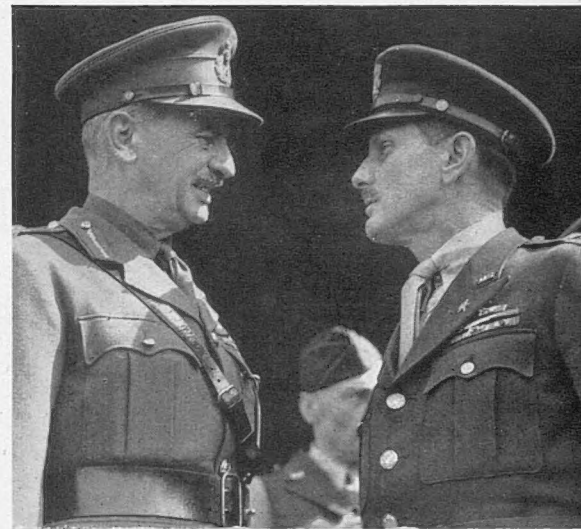
M. MIKOLAJCZYK has a ready, friendly smile and conveys calm confidence in all his contacts. Yet his position as Prime Minister of the Polish Government in London is no sinecure. Ever since the tragic death of General Sikorski there has been one political problem after another. The latest crisis has arisen over the treatment of Jews in the Polish Army, but its solution may enable M. Mikolajczyk to make changes which can have external as well as internal benefits.

At the moment he is under pressure to remove General Sosnkowski from the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Polish forces. Soviet Russia has always been anxious for this change, but no Polish Government could ever agree to bring it about under pressure from outside. The departure of General Sosnkowski and others involved in the present crisis may therefore be a blessing in disguise for Poland. News reaching London shows quite plainly that the people in Poland who have suffered so much are anxious to co-operate with the Russians in every way. In spite of their suffering they have retained faith in their future; so much faith that not only is there a large underground army waiting to strike the final blow for liberation, but also an underground civil service planning how to organize the liberation when it comes.

Achievement

GENERAL DE GAULLE has re-named the French Committee of National Liberation the Provisional Government of France. None

but a few politicians who are bitterly antagonistic to General de Gaulle—the man could disagree with this development. It will be for the people of France when they are freed to say whether or not they wish to accept General de Gaulle's Provisional Government; and if this new sign of French revival will help the people of France to focus their eyes on the future it will be all to the good. Already French soldiers are proving their worth in the hills of Italy. They are fighting with a zest and with valour which cannot fail to re-echo throughout the whole of France as their deeds become known. The British Government appear to be fully prepared to accept General de Gaulle's leadership of French revival, whether it is by the Committee of Liberation or a Provisional Government. But in Washington there are still reservations, which appear to be more personal than political. It is hoped that these will finally be swept away when General Koenig resumes his talks with General Eisenhower on practical questions relating to the administration of France when the Allies drive the Germans out of the country.



On the Staff of G5

Lt.-Gen. A. E. Grasett is Assistant Chief of Staff for Civil Affairs, and his deputy is Brig.-Gen. J. C. Holmes. Their task, working with the Allied Expeditionary Force, will be to assist national governments in restoring civil life in liberated Europe.



R.A.F.—Yugoslav Agreement

Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, and Col. Pirc, Marshal Tito's Chief of Air Staff, signed an agreement whereby a special Yugoslav contingent will be formed to operate within the framework of the R.A.F.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three More Films

By James Agate

The *Purple Heart* (Tivoli) does everything I want this kind of film to do. It tells a good story, keeps you in suspense, it is straightforwardly told, and there is a blessed minimum of cinematic presentation. You do not feel that you are being asked to regard the proscenium as a framework and the screen as a canvas filled with drawings by some modern Hokusai. You feel that these things did actually happen, and that while they were happening somebody came and poked a camera at them. And that, thank you, is all I want a picture of this kind to do. It seems to me that our highbrow critics who want anything else are attempting to do for the film what Miss Stella Gibbons in *Cold Comfort Farm* did for the Nature novel, without, alas, knowing how funny they are.

THE film at the Tivoli is an imaginary reconstruction of what may have happened to the crew of an American bomber captured after the air-attack on Tokyo and whom the Japanese admit to having executed. The justification, if you please, was that the airmen had deliberately aimed at hospitals, shot women and children and gloried in these exploits afterwards. The film has some uncomfortable moments, most of which are connected with the disturbing question of torture and how far the mind can stand up against the body. There are some film stars . . . but let me put it another way. I know that I would be shot or hanged rather than advise Hitler of the invasion date if I knew it. But if the alternative were being burnt at the stake I would not go further than hope I should refuse. Now put me in the pillory with my head in a wooden box so that I can't move it, prop up my eyelids, and make me continuously stare at and listen to a famous crooner and a

familiar glamour-girl—and I swear that after forty-eight hours of this I should be telling Hitler the date and the place and the numbers and anything else he wanted to know, even if it meant that beheading would immediately follow the betrayal. "Let vultures gripe thy guts!" says Shakespeare's Pistol, and it is incredible that a Japanese vulture who really knew his business should not tear any secret out of anybody. Fortunately, however, I believe two things. The first is that those who are virtually sustained achieve a degree of immunity like the ecstasy of the martyr. Also that the body faints before the mind. This is why I believe that the heroes of this film actually achieved the heroism imputed to them.

AND now I want to ask a question. Are film directors essentially and of their nature mad? If not, what sudden frenzy, what lightning stroke of utter dementia persuaded that fine artist Lewis Milestone to send his heroes marching to execution with cheerful mien and gay swagger, and to the lilt of a popular tune? What this film needed was a chorus-ending from Euripides and not one befitting *The Desert Song*.

THERE is a kind of idiot who goes into ecstasies when he discovers a Van Diemen's Land postage stamp of 1746 with the President's ears the wrong way up. (I have no idea where Van Diemen's Land is or whether it has a President.) But even these imbeciles are not, in my view, so foolish as the man who writes to *The Times* to say that on Wednesday last in the neighbourhood of Kirby Misperton he saw a hammer-crested ragtag and also heard a pink-spotted bobtail—events unheard-of in May north of the Ouse. *Tawny Pipit* (Leicester Square Theatre) was made something on these

lines, and after ten minutes of it I slunk off. Being detected by the management in the act of slinking, I said: "Gentlemen, Lady Bracknell held that a girl with a simple, unspoilt nature could hardly be expected to resist in the country. And you can't expect a simple unspoilt film-critic to go birds-nesting." And so escaped. But a friend of mine whom I told with me was not so lucky. That is, from my point of view, because he said afterwards: "It turned out to be a most enchanting entertainment. Delightful views of the country round South Bassetshire. Fields and wood hills and hedges. I felt quite excited when the thief stole the pipit's eggs, and I wept with joy when that nice corporal brought them back and the pipit started re-hatching. I agree that this may not be exactly the stuff to give the troops and that they will possibly enjoy bird hunting in Piccadilly Circus more." But that as somebody used to say, is another story.

AND now the magic carpet wafts us to a training camp in the U.S.A., where the greater part of the action of *See Here, Private Hargrove* (Empire) takes place. I have not read the novel by Marion Hargrove on which the film is based, but I suspect it to be in some respect autobiographical. The hero of the picture also bears the name of Hargrove and is a welcome change from the boastful cads who, in my view, have disfigured so many American war-films. Private Hargrove, on the contrary, who in civilian life is an unsuccessful newspaper reporter, is modest, boyish and full of charm. The part is admirably portrayed by Robert Walker, who, I venture to predict, has a great screen future before him.

THE story is slight to the point of emaciation. Hargrove receives his call-up papers, and is first delighted with army life, until he turns out as incompetent as he was in the newspaper world; indeed his occupation throughout the film seems to consist in cleaning out buckets on fatigue. He becomes a corporal, takes part in some important manoeuvres and messes everything up. Only two days do the stripes adorn his sleeves; back he goes to the buckets again. There is more than a hint of the earlier Chaplin in his persistent failures, his clumsiness, his mistakes and his invincible cheerfulness and good nature.

OF course he falls in love with a girl of good family. His affection is returned. He meets his fiancée's loquacious father who is played with glorious fun—alas, only for one scene—by that fine actor, Robert Benchley. And he makes friends with one Private Mulvehill who, although presumably an Aryan, spends his time selling all sorts of luxuries and necessities to his comrades, lending money, and turning his friends' financial embarrassments to his own advantage. It says something for the skill of Keenan Wynn that we can never feel any real dislike for this youthful Shylock. He has an insinuating, ingratiating way about him which will get him far in life, providing he is wise enough to keep on the right side of the law. It is he who induces the naïve Hargrove to get transferred to a "cushy" job in the Public Relations Department, where Hargrove writes articles all day while Mulvehill lounges about just looking on. But, this being an American film, their consciences smite them on hearing that the battery is going overseas, they get transferred back to their old surroundings, and the last we see of them is boarding the troop train. And then, in the final shot, once more the accursed buckets loom. One takes this to be a subtle hint that kitchen fatigues accompany an army everywhere, and will probably play as great a part in Hargrove's future as they did in his past.



"See Here, Private Hargrove," or *Life in the American Army* (Empire)

Life in the American Army seems to be very much like life in any army anywhere—just one fatigue after another. Private Hargrove, a young newspaper reporter, is drafted. He very soon manages to fall foul of his sergeant and to disgrace himself in front of his officers. The only bright spot in Private Hargrove's Army life is the girl at the canteen. The film is reviewed on this page. Above: Private Hargrove (Robert Walker), on fatigue as usual, says goodbye to his sweetheart Carol (Donna Reed)

Some Important People

At the Film Première of "A Canterbury Tale"
at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square



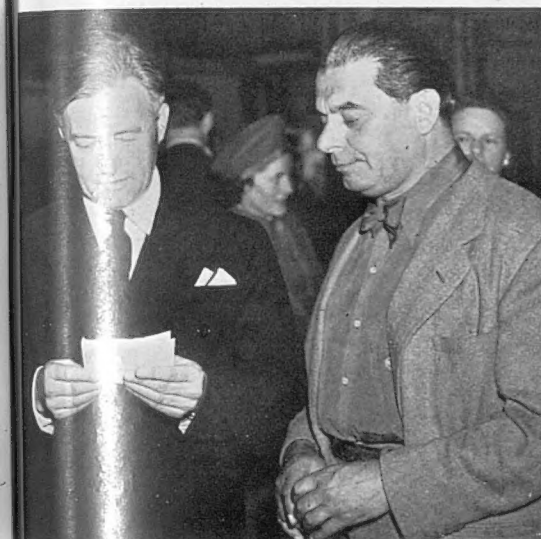
Viscount Bridgeman, Director-General of the Home Guard, came to the première with Viscountess Bridgeman



Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P., arrived with Miss Cynthia Elliot, who was for two years a prisoner in Germany



Viscountess Bury and her father, the Marquess of Londonderry, were talking to Air Cdre. Chamier (centre)



Claude Rains, recently arrived from America, was there with Gabriel Pascal, the well-known film director



Lady Leathers, wife of the Minister of War Transport, was in the foyer with Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Mrs. Boyd came with her husband, Rear-Admiral Boyd, Fifth Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Air Equipment



Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour and National Service, escorted Mrs. Bevin to the cinema



Mr. C. R. Attlee, Lord President of the Council and Deputy Prime Minister, and his wife came together



Lord Woolton brought his daughter. Formerly Minister of Food, he became Minister of Reconstruction last year

The Theatre

"Crisis in Heaven" (Lyric)

By Horacé Horsnell

BEER, a wise old charwoman once observed, is a wonderful leveller; and, judging by this enterprising comedy, so is Elysium. According to Mr. Eric Linklater, the abode of the blessed (as the dictionary defines it) is no peace haven. Its manners and customs are curiously mundane, though the residents to whom we are introduced, and who range from Aristophanes to the Vicar of Bray, and from Helen of Troy to Voltaire, could hardly be more nominally distinguished.

As admirers of his vivacious novels know, Mr. Linklater has an inventive mind. He pays no forced homage to tradition, and he bubbles with bright ideas. Moreover, he can write. And since Mr. Shaw demonstrated that disrespect for persons, mortal or immortal, can be an asset to a dramatist, and that words (the right ones, of course) can be as diverting as deeds, the ancient craft of playwriting has extended its latitude considerably.

In following the lead of such a master, Mr. Linklater gives some hostages to fortune, which his comedy does not fully redeem. He neglects an important proviso: that the words

shall create in the audience an interest as keen and cumulative as that aroused by the action.

For a while this neglect is not felt as a serious handicap. His list of "characters in order of appearance" stimulates anticipation. So that while Aristophanes may not set a very rattling pace, or Frederick the Great, or other early comers live up to their reputations, there are

Helen, cogitating on her day bed, weighing the respective merits, as lovers, of Robert Burns and the Russian poet, Pushkin; nothing more distinguished than Mr. Ernest Thesiger's Voltaire, whose make-up is a masterpiece in style, and every pose a period composition. These two celebrities have been chosen by the general vote of Elysium as the prospective parents of Peace, who can be born only from such a union of beauty with reason.

As in a witty, impromptu charade, the argument may ramble, but there are many incidental passages of wit and invention. But the "dressing-up" feeling grows, the atmosphere of fancy-dress masquerade intensifies, and the argument becomes, dramatically, somewhat dishevelled.

The perfect young Policewoman born to Beauty and Reason, under the ægis and in the nursing home of Florence Nightingale, and the simple soldier she chooses as her consort, seem prosaic symbols that, despite Miss Adele Dixon's spirit and Mr. Esmond Knight's robust gallantry, hardly carry the load laid upon them.

THE play has been mounted, the notable cast mustered, with the Tennant flair and generosity. Mr. John Gielgud has given its production his directive blessing, and Mr. Cecil Beaton has decorated it without undue solemnity. His settings of Helen's boudoir and Voltaire's library are especially attractive.

Among the bolder resurrections of the illustrious dead are Mr. Herbert Lomas's Abraham Lincoln, rumbling as it were with Drinkwater; Miss Dorothy Green's witch-like Volunina, and Mr. Barry Morse's impassioned Pushkin. Mr. Nicholas Phipps as a young highbrow poet *en pantoufles*, shows the proper arrogance, and Mr. Deering Wells, as Galen, adds a rider to the stork-and-gooseberry-bush apocrypha that is wholly delightful.



Helen of Troy listens to the arguments of Aristophanes and Pushkin, her lover, for and against her marriage to Voltaire (Dorothy Dickson, Lloyd Pearson, Barry Morse)

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



The powerful logic of Abraham Lincoln persuades Voltaire to marry Helen (Dorothy Dickson, Ernest Thesiger, Herbert Lomas)

Helen of Troy and Voltaire to look forward to. But . . .

To enumerate all the ensuing "buts" would be tedious and unprofitable. The sense of disappointment the play leaves is due, one feels, less to the literary quality of its material than to the author's handling of it. One would say that he has taken great names in vain. Not that he has evoked the illustrious dead at random, or merely on their names; but that they may lend authority to a modern parable that, dramatically considered, seems unworthy of them.

His theme, the achievement and maintenance of permanent peace among the nations, is morally unexceptionable. Its exposition, however, has a kind of impulsive naïveté which his apparent inexperience of the theatre, and his choice of proxies, accentuate. These personages tend to become bores. One feels that Mr. Linklater's felicities of style and wit have somehow been mislaid by the actors on entering the stage door, and that a reading of the play's written text would be more stimulating than this oral rendering.

Nothing could well be lovelier than the picture Miss Dorothy Dickson presents as

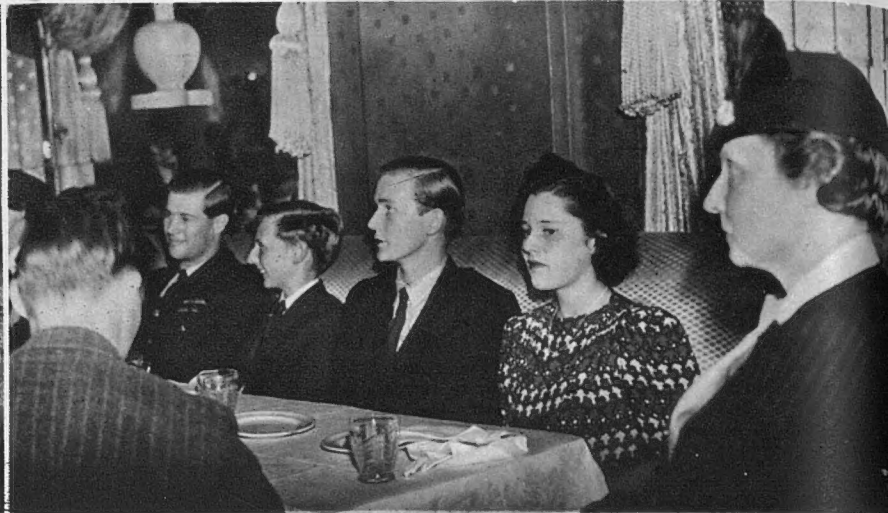


Private Courage, a British soldier of modern times, meets Irene, daughter of Helen of Troy and Voltaire (Esmond Knight, Adele Dixon)



Ginger Rogers: Paramount's "Lady in the Dark"

Ginger Rogers is to appear on the screen in the role made famous by Gertrude Lawrence in America. Written by Moss Hart, the play proved to be one of the most successful ever produced on Broadway. It is described as a "drama with music," and tells the story of a highly successful career woman—editor of a fashion magazine—who is intensely unhappy until a psycho-analyst discovers, through interpretation of her fantastic dreams, the cause of her unhappiness and solves her problems. Dream sequences give the film tremendous scope. It is in technicolor, and is to be shown for the first time in this country on Wednesday, May 31st, at the Plaza Theatre in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital Welfare Fund—a fund which is doing magnificent work for injured airmen



Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaabe

Dining Out: A Threesome and a Young People's Party

Major Viscount Anson, Mrs. Gerald Pollet and Viscountess Anson dined together. Lord Anson is the Earl of Lichfield's only son, and married Miss Anne Ferelith Bowes-Lyon, a niece of the Queen

Lady Apsley, M.P., entertained a young party. The guests, facing the camera, included S/Ldr. Lancaster, D.F.C., the Hon. George Bathurst, Mr. Cole Jamieson and Miss Prudence Stretfell. Lady Apsley is Conservative Member of Parliament for Central Division of Bristol

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

"Bartimeus" at the Palace

COINCIDING with the news of His Majesty's stay with the Home Fleet came the announcement of a new appointment to the Royal Household of a naval officer world-famous as a writer of sea stories—Paymaster-Capt. Lewis Ritchie, known to many thousands the world over as "Bartimeus." Capt. Ritchie is to act as Press Secretary to the King, thus relieving tall, urbane, ever-smiling Sir Eric Mievile, his Assistant Private Secretary, of the growing burden of attending to Royal Press matters. Capt. Ritchie has been working at the

Admiralty after a long spell with the Mediterranean Fleet. He is going to take up his appointment at Buckingham Palace on the first of next month.

The Wings Club

MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN is certainly most generous to the R.A.F. Not content with bearing the expense of the Wings Club, she is now giving twelve mobile canteens—to be known as Wings Club Canteens—to be used on the Second Front. The canteens have been specially built in Britain and all are fitted with

radio. The Wings Club is housed in one of Lord Moyne's big residences in Grosvenor Place. There is no entrance fee and a bed can be reserved there for a period up to nine consecutive nights. The Club is tremendously popular and deserves its popularity, for it costs only five shillings a night and food is most reasonably priced, with lunch at half a crown and dinner at three-and-six. Mrs. Corrigan is there nearly every day and she has twenty voluntary helpers as well as a paid staff of fifty-four. On the committee are the Duchess of Marlborough, Marie Lady Willingdon, Mr. Henry Channon M.P. (who acts as honorary secretary), Mr. Bert ram Cruger (the honorary treasurer), Air/Cdre. S. Graham and S/Ldr. P. N. L. Nicholson.

Another Club for Airmen

ANOTHER club for airmen—using the term in its widest sense—is the new Brevet Flying Club in Chesterfield Street. The official opening of this new enterprise was just over a week ago. One of the chief instigators is W/Cdr. Adrian Warburton, the most decorated reconnaissance flyer in the R.A.F., who has since been reported missing. Another is W/Cdr. J. R. D. Braham, top-scoring night-fighter pilot, and another Squadron Leader, "Babe" Learoyd, V.C. These men, together with five of their pals, G/Capt. G. N. Bowman, G/Capt. D. E. Gillam, W/Cdr. H. B. Martin, S/Ldr. L. E. Atkinson and S/Ldr. D. D. Haig, all of whom are fully-fledged committee members, have decided to make their own arrangements concerning post-war aviation. The Club is to be a pilots' pool after the war; meanwhile, it will be a useful meeting-place for airmen to meet aircraft manufacturers and chiefs of present and future air lines. The backer—who, I hear, is willing to put up all the working capital—was a well-known pilot of the R.F.C. in the last war.

New Members

ONE of the first members to sign-up on opening night was Mr. F. Lestrade Brown, European director for American Export Airlines, the only American air concern with a British subsidiary. Air/Cdre. Howard Williams was another. Plenty of support seems to be forthcoming from all British airway companies, particularly from those starting new air lines after the war. The Club has already bought and paid for its own airfield seventeen miles outside London. This, together with a rapidly expanding nucleus fleet of new and second-hand machines, is to be turned over by the manufacturers to the Club immediately hostilities cease. Originator of the scheme is ex-R.A.F. officer C. F. Refitt, who is secretary of the Brevet Club in Charles Street and also of the new Brevet Flying Club. Before the war he was a civil pilot, and still has his twin-engined Monospar waiting for the end of the war.



Swaabe

Some Guests and the Bridesmaid at the Long—Marling Wedding

Col. A. R. Head and Mrs. R. E. Laycock were at the reception. She is a daughter of the Marquise Casa Maury, and her husband, Major-Gen. Laycock, is Chief of Combined Operations

Lady Marling, sister-in-law of the bride, brought her little daughter, Miranda, who was her aunt's only bridesmaid. Lady Marling was Miss Betty Somerset before her marriage to Sir John Marling in 1939.



Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swaeb

Round the London Restaurants with the Camera

Mr. D. Lloyd Thomas was entertaining Miss Patricia Macauley. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Macauley, and was bridesmaid at her sister, Viscountess Vaughan's, wedding in December

Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, wife of Sir Berkeley Sheffield's eldest son, was at another table with Capt. B. MacRae. Her first husband was Lt.-Cdr. Glen Kidston, who died in 1931

Miss Jennifer Howard-Langton and Earl Bathurst were two more at Lady Apsley's table. Lord Bathurst succeeded his grandfather; his father, Lord Apsley, was killed in action in 1942

War-time Ascot

THERE was a record wartime crowd for the first meeting at Ascot. Although shorn of all its pre-war glory, it managed to present a very bright scene in these lovely surroundings. Being a hot and sunny day (until after the last race, when heavy rain fell), many of the women wore summer frocks, and lots of pre-war dresses made their reappearance, several that had been to Ascot in 1939. The stands and lawns were packed. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands watched from the steps of the Royal Box with Lady Orr-Lewis, Prince Vsevolode of Russia and Princess Pavlovsky, a sister of the Earl of Beauchamp. The Duke of Sutherland, whom one very seldom sees racing, was also watching the racing from these steps with Mrs. Vincent Dunkerly.

A party of friends walking through to the paddock together were Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Mrs. Dennis Russell, who had come with her father, Mr. George Henderson, the owner of several good horses in pre-war days. Mrs. Wagg, whose home is quite near the course, was looking very attractive in one of her

American frocks, which are the envy of her friends. Brigadier Lord Lovat, this time in mufti, was accompanied by Lady Lovat, whose mother, Vera Lady Broughton, was also racing. Lord and Lady George Scott were together, the latter in black and white, looking very glamorous, with a snow-white chenille snood on her head. Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley were greeting friends, as were young Lord and Lady Vaughan, who were married last December. Major George Trotter had brought his pretty, fair-haired wife, who is a daughter of Lord Edward Hay.

Among the Spectators

UPSTAIRS in the snack-bar the Countess of Dudley and her sister, Lady O'Neill, joined Lady Weymouth, Lady Sykes and Mrs. Robin Wilson for lunch after the first race. Lady Dudley, who had a runner in the first race, was later strolling in the paddock with Cdr. Colin Buist, looking charming in a fine fawn tweed dress which had white piqué collar and cuffs, and white flaps to the pockets, and a jaunty little white piqué bonnet cap. She was very excited at seeing her colours, purple and yellow checks, and reputed to be made out of one of Frances

Day's evening-dresses, carried for the first time by Pantalette. This nice chestnut filly by Fair Trial ran well, and, as the tipsters say, is *one for the cuff*. Major Michael Gordon-Watson, Irish Guards, who added a second bar to his M.C. in Italy and took a very forward part in the savage fighting at Anzio, brought his wife, who was Thalia Gordon before their marriage. Also back from the battles was Colonel Roscoe Harvey, who in the happy days of peacetime soldiering was such an able member of the 10th Hussars polo team.

Lady Throckmorton was with Sir Robert; the Hon. Mrs. Beck was chatting to Lord Carnarvon; Lord and Lady Sefton were making one of their first appearances on a southern racecourse this year; Lady Veronica Maddick—a great racing enthusiast now—was walking in the paddock with Mr. Rory More-O'Ferrall; Sir Arthur Pilkington and Lady Pilkington, who is the eldest of Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison's good-looking daughters and a sister of the Countess of Lewes, were greeting friends; Lady Newtown-Butler, in a cool summer frock, was telling friends she hoped to

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Two Christenings at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Serena Cherry Morris, daughter of Lt. Malcolm Morris, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Morris, is seen here with her parents after the ceremony. Lt. Morris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morris, of Melbourne, Australia, and his wife is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. de S. Dunn

Capt. A. G. Maby, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Maby were photographed with their son, Michael Robin Patrick, after his christening. Capt. Maby, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Grant Maby, of Cheltenham, married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miles, of The Wilderness Club, Sevenoaks

Linklater's "Crisis in Heaven"

An Allegorical Fantasy Set in Elysian Fields
Among the Souls of the Departed Great



Evzones: "Very sorry, sir, but you can't come in here"
A heated discussion is in progress between the literary lions of Elysium. The guards refuse to allow Frederick the Great to enter (Frederick Schrecker, Anthony Dawson, Fred Groves)



Rhodope: "The moon is high, madame, and there is still an hour to midnight"
Helen of Troy is bored. Neither of her two current lovers, Robert Burns and Alexander Pushkin, has turned up. She longs for Robert Burns, but Pushkin, afraid that the Scotsman is winning too much favour, has kidnapped his rival, and it is he who finally arrives to woo the lady (Dorothy Dickson, Frances Clare)

● *Crisis in Heaven* is the first play by the well-known novelist Major Eric Linklater to be presented commercially, the only earlier venture having been a private production of *The Devil's in the News* ten years ago. The action is set in Elysium—that strangely human place where the souls of the departed great forgather. Even in Elysium there is argument, war and tragedy; Peace must be planned for, worked for and honoured. Scenery and costumes have been beautifully designed by Cecil Beaton, who completed this work shortly before leaving the country for the Far East. The play is directed by John Gielgud and presented by H. M. Tennent Limited at the Lyric Theatre



Voltaire: "Your name is Irene?"
Irene: "Yes. It is the Greek word for Peace, Father"
Voltaire has something of a shock when he meets his daughter (Adèle Dixon) for the first time. Helen has given birth to a fully-fledged warrior—a woman policeman with plans already made for ending strife in Elysium



Volumnia: "Had I a hundred sons, these withered dugs would give them gall to suck . . . venomous hatred for their mother's conqueror"
Irene has conquered war. Frederick the Great and Volumnia, leaders of the two armies, are her prisoners. Private Courage, a British soldier of modern times, leads in Volumnia in chains (Dorothy Green, Esmond Knight)



Aristophanes: "In all the ages of the world . . . your name has been the warmth in every lamp that lit a way to love"

War has come to Elysium and Aristophanes begs Helen to wed Voltaire so that of the union of Love and Reason may come Peace (Barry Morse, Dorothy Dickson, Lloyd Pearson)



Having persuaded Helen of her duty, Aristophanes sets to work on Voltaire, who proves difficult (Herbert Lomas as Abraham Lincoln, Ernest Thesiger as Voltaire, Barry Morse as Pushkin, Lloyd Pearson as Aristophanes)

Photographs by John Vickers



(Right) Voltaire gloomily faces the prospect of marriage with Helen (Ernest Thesiger)



Helen: "I cannot bear to see you in that brutal uniform. I would as soon live on bread and water as wear a uniform."
Helen takes her daughter in hand. The war is over and Irene must forget the ways of men and learn the ways of women. On the right is Josephine Middleton as Florence Nightingale



Irene: "Because I have a husband, shall I not have a friend?"
Irene (Peace) is to reign in Elysium. She chooses as consort a British soldier (Courage). Pushkin is again the rejected suitor, but not entirely cast aside, for with Peace and Courage there must also be Imagination (Barry Morse, Adèle Dixon, Esmond Knight, Dorothy Dickson)

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ACCORDING to the New York magazine *Life*, Mr. Edward ("Lease-Lend") Stettinius' most important bit of business during his recent British visit was to stroke the Eden bow-wow, Nipper, on the snuzzle, as in that widely-publicised Press photograph in which Mr. Stettinius and the best-dressed Foreign Secretary in the world are seen together in the very act. Mr. Stettinius is apparently not pleased with *Life's* remark.

If Mr. Stettinius viewed the Island Race through our own soft, melancholy, blood-shot, clairvoyant, Celtic eyes, he'd know *Life* was stating a simple truth. About five million British breakfast-tables must have cooed and gurgled over that Press photograph.

"Oh, just look! The darling!"

"Isn't he just *too* adorable: I bet he'll be the next Prime Minister!"

"Scotties are too nervous."

"I mean Eden. And look at that *darling* American stroking him! Something absolutely *spiritual* about his eyes, isn't there?"

"Thinking of Lease-Lend, I expect."

"I mean Nipper."

The Most Popular Allied Statesman, that's how Mr. Stettinius stands with the Race, right at this moment, and you can quote us in all editions.

Dive

CHARLIE BROWN'S in Limehouse, where a sailor knifed a lorrydriver recently, is one of those places which are All Right For A Visit, like a film-star's chateau. Although a pub known to seamen on every waterfront in the world and surrounded with glamour by pale scribbling boys it seems to us a trifle academic.

What we mean is that Charlie Brown's, despite the celebrated curios of ivory or near-ivory plastering its walls, is abstract and illusory. Ripe lusty salty characters out of Conrad and Jacobs and Stevenson and Herman Melville should crowd the bar; quick on the draw and emitting briny japes and bluewater song. When we were ever there the congregation was neat, decorous, landward, colourless, songless, and dumb, like Limehouse itself. And very properly, for the landlord of Charlie Brown's has his licence to think of just as much as the landlord of any other bow-sing-ken, such as the Ritz. The average bold explorer of London's Colourful Underworld—as the rubberneck-charabanc companies used to call it, and we often wondered how that went down with the highly respectable



"Now this is really practical—it's soap"

ratepayers of Limehouse, Pennyfields, Wapping, Aldgate, and the inscrutable East generally—never thinks of this. It is worth remembering, and explains the fact that when a bit of real maritime hotcha happens—and how rarely!—in Charlie Brown's, the artist supplying the local colour is instantly juggled, like the sailor above.

Melancholy, what? But did you not know that this life and its false joys are all illusion? No? You should curl up with our favourite author, Fray Luis de Granada.

Enigma

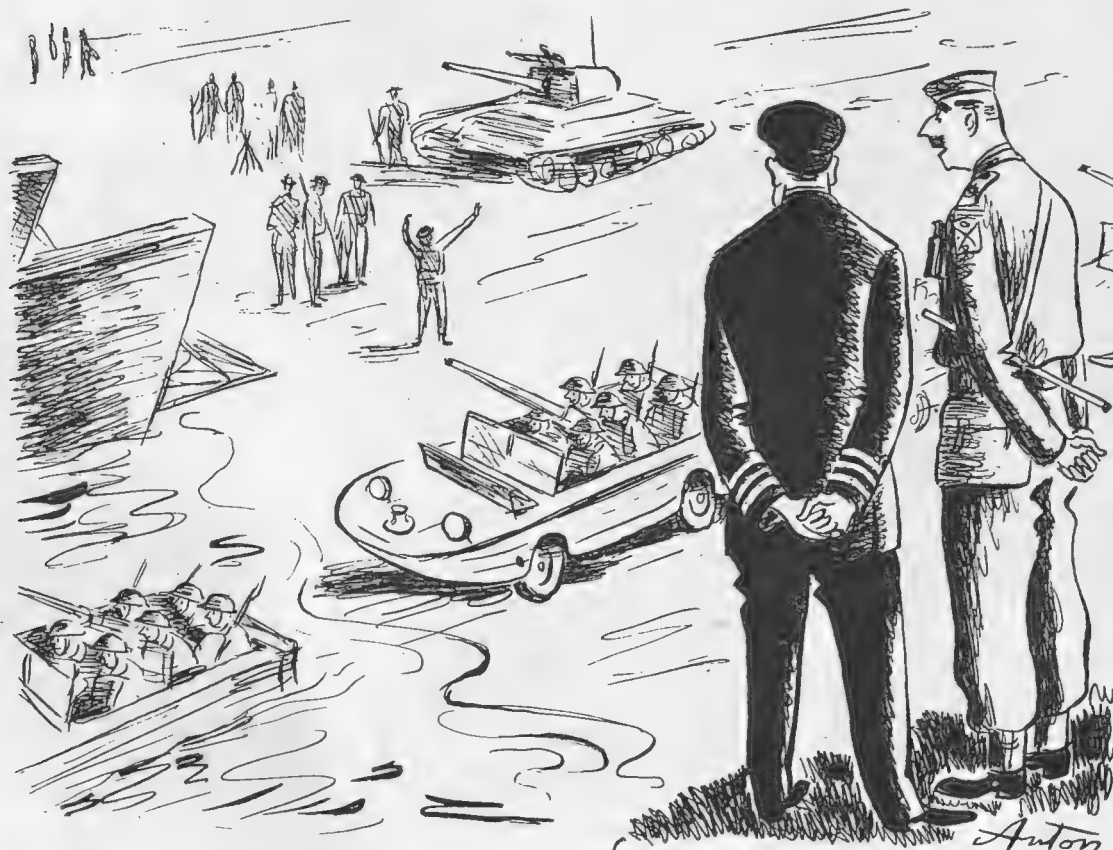
FEWER raspberries this year, announce the fruit-farmers with a grin, hoping it will hurt a lot of people and hurt 'em good. The control-price is too low, they explain, rubbing their hands.

Why fruit-farmers are so much less delicious than the things they grow is one of the great enigmas of the countryside. Like rose-growers, they are generally ugly, gloomy, bowlerhatted men with a personal grudge against Nature, divorced from Pomona and the Graces and enemies of Apollo. To see them slouching morosely among their apples, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, and plums—a daily spectacle in the Vale of Evesham, for example, and especially round Pershore—is actually less sickening than to see one of them standing (and maybe spitting) by a cherry-tree in full blossom: one of the gracefulest and loveliest of created things, a poem; a song, a dream, an enchantment, the traditional inspiration of Japanese master-craftsmen of the best period working in lacquer, mother-of-pearl, silver, and niello. One fruit-farmer in the vicinity kills the whole decor, as we proved in Hampshire some time ago. A cherry-orchard might be a heap of basic slag.

Footnote

RASPBERRIES are less decorative, fortunately, and only their flavour is important. Whether being picked by huge grimy

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"I've just had a brilliant idea—why not also have boats that could go on land?"



Lord and Lady Erleigh With Their Sons—and Wozzy

Lord Erleigh Spends a Day Off

From the Army With His Wife and Family

The Erleighs now have two sons; the elder, Simon, is just two years old, and the baby, Anthony, was born last year. Major Viscount Erleigh, who won the M.C. in 1940, is in the Queen's Bays, and is the Marquess of Reading's only son. His wife was Miss Margot Irene Duke before her marriage three years ago. They were photographed at Send, near Woking, with their faithful Dalmatian, Wozzy, who appears in all pictures of the family

Photographs by Swaebe



One Way to Use a Bicycle



It's Never Too Early to Start Riding



Lady Erleigh and Her Horse

Standing By ...

(Continued)

avaricious paws instead of the white fingers of exquisite girls affects the flavour is another problem we must go into some day. You probably remember the charming verse about the Sussex girl whom the poet met on the downs near Storrington:

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face,
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

Not every poet handed a raspberry by some rustic beauty takes it like this. Some are quite furious, it seems.

Contretemps

A CITIZEN who hit his wife for winking at a Naval boatswain the other day was admonished by a magistrate who, along with other pearls of sagesse, announced that jealousy of this kind is something new, rather un-English, and due possibly to "war-nerves."

If that magistrate were to look up his minor Elizabethan drama he'd discover that when a Renaissance Englishman caught his wife winking at anybody there was quite a domestic fuss. E.g.:

Rog: False bloody drabbet, frampold fubsy fidge,
Curs'd mewling hellcat, spawn of Erebus,
Scowge, noppet, mouldwarp, dibworm, prank-
some friend,
By whose foul judasry I am bewray'd,
With mine own reeking hand I'll growp thy heart
From out thy finged bosom, and with prousling teeth
I'll tear the gobbets, till the shrieking stars
Do gride and wamble in the firmament—
What! Dost thou gype and dibber at me there?

Oliv: O Sir, you do me wrong! I did but plick

A mimbbling fly from out my tender eyne:

Rog: Puttock, thou liest! In thy flowpish face

Guilt deep as hell doth glimber luggishly,

And shake the spheres with ghastful frubberdom;

Yurp, thou shalt die!

Oliv: O, Sir!

Rog: Nay, jouk me not, I'll pluck the rimpled moon from yonder sky,

And dowse the world in blood!

(Exit hastily, dragging Oliv by the hair)

A few moments later this irritable chap crosses the stage again with the lady's dripping heart stuck on his dagger. New un-English stuff, this jealousy, eh? War-nerves, huh?

Point

THE late Dame Ethel Smyth, for all that she was a distinguished champion of what Cecil Chesterton, viewing all those rampaging sweethearts with private means, called "Votes for Ladies," had an obviously masculine mind, and we don't care what raging feminists hear us say it.

When Dame Ethel wanted subjects for operas, she chose no novelettish librettos but fullblooded riproaring stuff like *The Boatswain's Mate* and *The Wreckers*, he-man themes. When she wrote her masterwork, the *Mass in D*, she transposed the *Gloria* to the end because she thought it looked better; even Bach and Beethoven lacked a serene nerve like that. Her drive at golf was pretty nourished, as the French say, and she talked like a man; not that



"Tell me, Mr. Wilkinson, how do you spell 'hirsute' and 'importunate'?"

the way men talk is anything to shake the spheres; but at any rate it was not about this hat, that frock, my dear, that ribbon, eighteen and six a yard, those shoes, my dear a bargain, sheer silk.

Not all the leading militant suffragettes—Mrs. Despard, for example—were masculine entities in a feminine envelope, but many were. It annoys professional feminists to be told so, for some reason. Yah! 'Fraidy cats! Can't catch us!

Whimsy

WHETHER the Finns are as worried about their future as the Fleet Street boys we wouldn't know. At the same time we suspect a music critic who recently suggested that Sibelius is at this moment, maybe, working on a symphony "interpreting the Finnish soul in present misfortune" to be a victim of self-inflicted whimsy.

Sombre, subtle, and brooding, like the dark Finnish forests and silent lakes under the low Finnish sky, is the music of Sibelius (himself, as we have mentioned before, a big, simple, jovial bloke, fond of easy jokes and Scots whisky). Before accepting the theory that this music interprets the Finnish Soul we'd have to know what Finns think about. Our feeling is that as the Finns haven't much to do but stare over frozen wastes with pale blue eyes at reindeer, their thoughts during the long Northern winter night may be pretty complicated and mysterious. We often wish some specialist like Ernest Hemingway had given Finland the once-over and given us some idea of how Finns talk at night. Maybe they just talk Hemingwayesque, like the Spaniards and other people. E.g.:

"That's a swell reindeer my Aunt's gotten herself."

"Sure, it's a swell reindeer."

"Hell, it certainly is. Whaddya say, Joe?"

"It's a swell reindeer all right."

"Sure, it's swell. It's terrible."

"It's lousy."

"Sure, it stinks."

(Three hours' meditative silence)

"I guess your Aunt was plastered."

"Hell, she's always plastered."

"Plastered, huh?"

"Joe says she's plastered."

"She certainly is, at that."

"Hell, what about a drink?"

And there we are at the old traditional Hemingway crossroads, launched on one of those old Hemingway bats without which no home is complete.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Yes—but is it cultural?"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Major-General R. E. Laycock, D.S.O., Chief of Combined Operations

Since his appointment last autumn as Chief of Combined Operations, Major-Gen. Robert Edward Laycock must have been one of the busiest men in uniform. His is the job of preparing the shock troops for the long-awaited invasion; work for which he is well qualified by his expert knowledge and previous experience. He has seen service in Africa, Crete, Sicily and Italy. His first important commando operation was in 1941, as leader of a unit known as the "Layforce," which made a daring raid on Bardia. Later, after a thrilling escape from the Germans in Crete, he took part in the commando raid on Rommel's Libyan headquarters, from which he and one other survivor regained the British lines after a desert trek of forty days. Scholar and scientist, a fine horseman and interested in everything to do with the sea, Major-Gen. Laycock, at the age of thirty-seven, is amongst the finest experts on modern warfare

Ballerina of the Sadler's Wells

At Sixteen, Beryl Grey Has Mastered
the Great Classical Roles



In "The Quest" Beryl Created the Role of Duessa



The Ballerina as She Really is

Photographs by
Anthony

● When the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company returns to the New Theatre on May 30 for the summer season, Beryl Grey will be seen in a new role, that of Giselle, with Margot Fonteyn as Count Albrecht. She will thus add another of the great classical roles to her repertoire, for she has already been seen in *Sylphides*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *La Fille du Roi* and *Rendezvous*. Since dancing her first solo part in 1930 when she was only fourteen years old, Beryl Grey has become the second ballerina of the Company, and regularly doubles the great classical roles with the prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn. She is a born dancer and her first role she created—that of Duessa in *The Quest*—she has proved herself to be also an actress of unusual range and power.



As Odile in "Le Lac des Cygnes"



As Odette in
"Le Lac des
Cygnes"



et II.)



Beryl Poses for the Camera Before Going On to Dance the Role of Odette

Simple Life

In a Country Cottage
is Practised by the
Shakespeare Family

Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Bt., M.P., and his wife share a cottage in Sussex—alternate week-ends—with film star Clive Brook. They also share the work and garden produce. They are not troubled with such things as the telephone, gas or electricity, and are fast becoming proficient in the arts of cooking and gardening, helped by their sixteen-year-old son, William, and their daughter, Judith, aged twelve. Another operation recently completed by Sir Geoffrey and his children is the building of a thatched log-cabin in the garden



*Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare
and Their Children*

Photographs by Oscar Marcus



Lady Shakespeare, Culinary Expert



First Experience in Thatching



Sir Geoffrey Says "Gardening is Simple"



Crumps Cottage, Little Horstead

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Padua Scarlet

SOMEONE very closely connected with the Pytchley Hunt has been kind enough to write to me about their dark-red coats, and to say that the late Lord Lonsdale was perfectly right to claim the colour as his own. In a book which I happened to write, *Shires and Provinces*, Lord Lonsdale's statement about this colour is included, just as he gave it to me. It was some time after that when I was told that the colour was the Spencer Padua Scarlet. My correspondent writes: "Lord Lonsdale's statement is perfectly correct about the dark-red livery the Pytchley Hunt has used ever since the mastership of the late Lord Annaly. Lord Lonsdale gave him a roll of this dark-red cloth for the use of himself and the hunt servants, and with Lord Lonsdale's permission, Lord Annaly subsequently had some more cloth dyed to the same colour, and it has been used by the masters and hunt servants ever since. It has nothing to do with the Spencer livery (Padua Scarlet), which is a darker shade. I do not think the late Lord Spencer used this (Padua) or any other dark shade when he was master. I believe the original of Lord Lonsdale's cloth was found at Lowther Castle marked 'For the Chase,' but I cannot vouch for this."

Ablins!

A GOOD old Scottish word that just means "perhaps," "mebbe"—or, in other words, "no one knows!" The full phrase is: "ablins aye, ablins na, ablins!" And compelled as I am by the exigencies of a picture paper, which has to be so futuristic, to write this note before I can possibly know the facts about the first two classics of the season, I fall back upon "ablins," and am quite prepared to find all the sages thrust like foolish prophets forth, their words to scorn scattered, and their mouths stopt with dust! That, of course, goes for me, as well as everyone else, who believed that the two-year-old form was solid ground instead of the shifting quicksand which it has proved to be—so far. It is futile, I think, to say that we are dealing with a trumpery lot of colts and fillies, for that does not help us in the least

in our praiseworthy endeavour to tell our friends how to enlarge their bank balances, and thus obliquely enrich the National Exchequer. In such circumstances as we have found ourselves, it has been almost impossible to get a reliable compass-bearing.

At Sea

WHAT did we find just before these two first of the 1944 classic races? Why, this: no one ready to say "yes" about anything, bar, perhaps, Abbots Fell's owner, who backed his opinion for the Two Thousand in spite of what Vigorous had done to his second string, School Tie, on May 6th at Windsor. That was a slow mile which Vigorous (giving 7 lb.) won pulling up. At Salisbury on April 15th Abbots Fell, getting 3 lb. from Vigorous, beat him all ends up over 7 furlongs. The owner must have better information than you or I, but what should we have done if left to our own devices? I think anyone who saw Vigorous win at Windsor would have had a quick answer, but Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen thought otherwise. That was one of the eve-of-the-battle problems, but there were plenty more. At Newmarket, for instance, they were not very enamoured of the chances of the reigning queen of the moment, Garden Path, and they certainly ought to be "tied to know," for she is a local lady. And this in spite of her having obliterated her field in the Chatteris Stakes over one mile at Newmarket on May 3rd, a good gallop of 1 min. 38- $\frac{2}{3}$ th secs., with 8 st. 3 lb., and, if she had had to go for her life, she must, I think, have cut the course record of 1 min. 37- $\frac{2}{3}$ th secs., but the Newmarket intelligentsia, a very brainy lot, did not like her! Reason: because her tail was going faster than her legs the moment Harry Wragg asked her to go on and win her race. I understand perfectly! I do not think anyone likes to see a tail going round like an airscrew; I know that I do not, but then I have always been shy of the ladies at that time of year when a livelier iris changes upon the burnished dove! This remark goes for both Fair Fame and Tudor Maid, especially the latter. Both

(Concluded on page 244)



Two Donoghues

Steve, famous jockey turned trainer, had two runners in the 2000 Guineas, Wood Cot and Gustator. The former was ridden by his son Pat, who is seen with him here



London Christening

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Robert Redhead were photographed with their baby son, Robert Malcolm, after his christening at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. Lt.-Col. Redhead is a former captain of the Oxford ski team



Mrs. Masters, joint-Master of the Gallant Tipps, and winner of many point-to-points, was with Mr. David Gray, U.S. Minister to Eire, in the members' enclosure



Watching Aughamore win the Phenix £1000 Handicap were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Myerscough and Lady Nelson, wife of Sir James Nelson. Mr. Myerscough's father is the successful Irish owner



Miss Molly O'Rorke, seen discussing the proceedings with Countess Taaffe, was Master of the Galway Blazers from 1939 to 1942, and the first woman Master of the famous pack



In the paddock was Mrs. N. Tindall, whose husband is a prisoner of war, with Baron von Livonius: he has been a visitor for many years to Lord Headfort at Headfort House

Poole, Dublin

Racing in Ireland: Spectators at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

have badly tarnished reputations, particularly the much-advertised Tudor Maid. I think the wise will pin a Yellow Ticket on her. Tudor Maid stopped almost in her own length.

The Derby Favourite

ORESTES was another one upon which Newmarket was not keen for the Guineas. I think his condemnation may be premature, and he may have won this race by the time this note sees the garish light of day. He is a very nice colt, but that Windsor gallop (April 10th) was a shocker, and no sort of a Guineas performance. The course was not slow, but the time, 1 min. 45- $\frac{3}{4}$ th sec., was no good at all, the course record being 1 min. 41- $\frac{3}{4}$ th sec., which, anyway, is not exactly a blitzkrieg!

The Solicitor's win was a clever piece of opportunism on the part of his jockey. If Orestes is beaten in the Guineas, we all ought to know what to do. Personally, I have never believed in him as a Derby certainty, but with everything falling to bits, who knows? I still believe that he will win the Guineas. I think that good jockey Tommy Carey was for once caught napping at Windsor.

An Intervener?

JUST in case The Solicitor should enter a caveat, here is the short record of his appearances in Court, and it will be observed



All in Uniform

When Cdre. H. T. England, of Berkshire, went to Buckingham Palace to receive the D.S.O. he had with him his daughters, Leading Wren K. Z. England, and Miss M. J. England, in the Women's Land Army

that he has never been out of a place: Salisbury, May 1st, 1943: Shrewton Stakes, 5 furlongs, third to Dark Diana and Bahara (he ran well forward); Ascot, May 15th, Berkshire Stakes, 5 furlongs, won stylishly by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths from Newtown Pippin (Miss Dorothy Paget's); Ascot, June 14th, Wargrave Stakes, won by half a length, giving Newtown Pippin 5 lb. (Rockefella and Rameses both down the course); Salisbury, July 3rd, Warminster Stakes, 6 furlongs, ran second, beaten comfortably 2 lengths by Its a Girl colt (Flagstaff), who received 12 lb.; Ascot, September 11th, Burghfield Stakes, 6 furlongs, ran second, giving 5 lb. to Vigorous, who beat him all ends up, by 3 lengths. Verdict: Nothing really upon which to go. On top of all this, The Solicitor (really his jockey) got that snap division at Windsor over Orestes.

"Junction X"

ANYONE who may have listened to the recent very able B.B.C. broadcast reconstruction of the work of the British railways under war conditions may have arrived at a fuller comprehension of the transport difficulties in a big Advanced Base. There is only one



Royal Naval Officers Play an Inter-Camp Rugger Match

D. R. Stuart

Two teams of R.N. officers stationed in the North-West of England, captained by the Rev. — Lusby and Lt. Baxter, played an inter-camp Rugger match. Players were (in front): B. Osen Wellman, Schoolmaster Laing, Schoolmaster Ward, Schoolmaster Lewis, Sub-Lt. Cattenach, Mid. Tucker, Lt. Patton. Sitting: Lt. Barnett, Rev. — Lusby (R.C. Chaplain), Capt. G. H. Freyberg, C.B.E., R.N., Lt. Baxter, Surg-Lt. Dyson, Sub-Lt. Puckle. Standing: Surg-Lt. Sluming, Surg-Lt. Cursley, Mr. Walker, R.N., Mr. Boswell, R.N., Rev. — Sleight, Lt. Bain, Sub-Lt. Creak, Pay-Lt. Gotto, Surg-Lt. Cdr. Thomas, D.S.C., Schoolmaster Lamb, Surg-Lt. Whiteside

suggestion that I have to make, and it is that the listener should multiply those difficulties by ten to obtain a rough picture of what the state of affairs will be when the "Attack" is sounded off. It is further suggested that he should try to visualise the added problem of road transport to and from the sally-ports, and the great probability that the enemy will make every effort in his power to hamper all movement by rail or road. Because he is only attacking now and again with a few hundred planes, this is no yardstick by which to measure what he may, and must, do when the fight for his very life starts. His head may be singing, but the K.O. is yet to come! Therefore, to indulge in any rose-hued day-dreams about anything being normal when once the war horns blare out their hoarse notes is to step straight into a place called Fool's

Paradise. It is not, I fear, even sufficiently realised that we are only about 7 minutes' flying time from the point of ground contact, and at some places on our perimeter perhaps even less than 7 minutes. The warning by the railway authorities that trains may be cancelled without any warning is one that cannot be disregarded. It can have only one meaning.

Jam To-day . . . !

. . . And also to-morrow and all the to-morrows till the "Cease Fire" is sounded. It is a pity that it was not jam yesterday! This goes not only for things coming in over the air from Germany and all in her camp, but for some other things also. If the first bars of the Fifth Symphony can transmit the Morse sign for "V," surely the possibility open to any diligent German and his opposite number within our lines, or in any place adjacent off our coasts, is wide indeed! Similarly, "Hey-diddle-diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle" are very innocent words unless someone places the emphasis on the first "diddle" or upon the "Cat." The charming nursery-rhyme might not then be so harmless. "Cat" might mean a whole lot of figures, and they, in turn, might mean: "The enemy attacks at Blank, at Blank hours with Blank divisions and at Dash at Dash hours with two army corps." So why not jam to-day and to-morrow?



Ronald A. Hancock, Secretary of the Oxford Athletic Club, is the University's three miles representative, and won this event against Cambridge and Reading University



University Athletics: Some Oxford and Cambridge Competitors

D. R. Stuart

Cambridge University Athletic Club began the term well by a win over London University by 60 points to 48. Above are R. E. Snell, I. M. Simmonds and A. Nigel Bruce, of Pembroke, and J. G. Bamford, Trinity, President of the C.U.A.C.



Fish, Flesh and Foul : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

In most of our coastal harbours R.A.F. High-Speed Air-Rescue launches stand by to rescue ditched air-crews. The launch at "instant readiness" and wireless call should be under way within a matter of seconds. But if things go wrong—this picture tells the story. The port after hawser has fouled the mooring bollard on the quay, the starboard ditto has fouled both after ventilators and the Oerlikon gun has automatically gone off and is being chopped adrift by an A.C.I. with an axe from the mooring buoy. Another rope has fouled the propeller and is bringing down the mast and wireless aerials; the attendant dinghy has fouled its boat-hook in the rope caught in the starboard propeller. A drama of fish, flesh and foul, in fact. These tough Thornycroft Mark I. A/S-R. Launches have a range of some 350 miles and carry a crew of twelve including the skipper, whose rank varies from P/O. to F/Lt. The crews are made up of bricklayers, butchers, gardeners—all sorts; they do an intensive course of sea training on enlistment

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"Strong Meat for Babes"

MR. H. G. WELLS'S '42 to '44: *A Contemporary Memoir* has been published by Messrs. Secker and Warburg at £2 2s. I omit from the price of this book my usual bracket because in this case the price is more than a mere aside to be murmured, behind the hand, for your information—here it is significant; it is the publishers' means of supporting the author's wish that the book should not circulate anything like widely or be acquired, as one might say, at random. The edition has been, with the same intention, limited to 2000 copies. '42 to '44 will soon be listed as "rare." What, you may ask, has come over Mr. Wells, who has always shown a remarkably sane and temperate attitude to his own popularity—neither exploiting it on the one hand, nor despising and rejecting it on the other? Has he, at this late date, developed an attack of preciosity and exclusiveness?

Far from it. It is simply that he does not consider '42 to '44 to be a book for all.

This [he says] is what I have personally made of things. How do they look to you?

But what I have made of things, set out freely and frankly, must be stated in terms that may prove difficult and repellent to many more urgently occupied minds, that would nevertheless be willing to co-operate extensively in the revolutionary world reconstruction which alone can save mankind from disaster. My philosophy is stoical and sceptical, my ideas about the space and time continuum are of a nature still unfamiliar to many people, I have lived long and learnt much by way of disillusionment and reconsideration; and taken altogether this book is "strong meat for babes." My scientific training disposes me to state and publish "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," but my unavoidable practical entanglement in the world crisis makes me acutely aware of the strategic and tactical disadvantages of that course. . . . The solution of this two-edged problem seems to lie in continuing the immediate struggle for world revolution by newspaper articles, controversies, pamphlets, booklets, and so forth, while publishing this esoteric Memoir in a relatively restricted edition and in a less accessible form. . . . It is all I have made of things, my ultimate philosophy, copious and complete, and not for those who are fully occupied in the fighting line. . . . You will have to read this Memoir together and read it *hard*, comparing one part with another, or you had far better not attempt it at all.

So we know where we stand—the cutting-the-cackle manner of the Preface is, by the way, a foretaste of that of the rest of the book. As your reviewer, I cannot fail to be conscious that I write of '42 to '44 for potential readers whose number has been limited in advance. As a reader, I feel a little like someone who, having followed what he took to be an agreeable right-of-way, looks back to find "Private" marked on the gate from which he has just emerged—for, true to

a habit of which I cannot cure myself, I read the Preface after I read the book. As things were, I read this "Contemporary Memoir Upon Human Behaviour during the Crisis of the World Revolution" (to give it its entire subtitle) with fool's courage, but, I must say, enjoyment. Did I, as I suppose an average reader, find much that was "difficult and repellent"—or that was, rather, expressed in "difficult and repellent" terms?

Hot Blood

DIFFICULT—yes, sometimes, but not too often: the ascent is certainly steep, but the air is invigorating. Repellent—I hope I shall not be hedging if I say that depends on what you mean by repellent. There is nothing here (so far as I can see) to disgust, but a good deal that may, in the literal sense, shock. Nothing leaves a nasty taste in your mouth, but a good many statements make you stagger or blink. And there were several passages that, while they did nothing to me, I found that I read with a sort of suppressed whistle, thinking, "My heavens, this will annoy old So-and-So!"

I ought not, though, to discuss the character of this book before trying to give some idea of its content. Its publishers describe '42 to '44, correctly, as being "a kind of autobiography of ideas combined with comment on the flooding events of recent years. . . . In many ways," they say, "this Memoir is a continuation, supplement and expansion of the author's *Experiment in Autobiography*." The book is divided into two parts—I: "The Heritage of the Past. The Psychology of Cruelty"; and, II,—"How We Face the Future." In addition,



Dame Ethel Smyth, famous British composer and writer, died recently at the age of eighty-six. Her "Mass in D" is perhaps her most notable musical work, and "The Wreckers" was the first opera by a woman composer to be produced at Covent Garden, in 1910. Amongst many other literary publications, her autobiographies, "As Time Went On" and "What Happened Next," will stand out as a permanent memorial to this talented and versatile woman. Dame Ethel Smyth was an enthusiastic leader of the Women's Suffrage movement. She received the D.B.E. in 1922.

it shows a Diagram—"The Informative Content of Education," and has three Appendices—a Thesis (accepted by the University of London for the Doctorate of Science) and two Memoranda, one on the relation of aesthetic values to the reality of underlying phenomena, the other on Survival. The Thesis and two Memoranda are very stiff reading—or at least I hope so, for in places they beat me. The first two parts, Past and Future, are, however, discursive and easy: they incorporate newspaper articles and letters—some of the latter being by Mr. Wells, others by his rather rash correspondents.

It is on these two first parts, I think, that you will probably concentrate, if you dare to and can obtain a copy of the Memoir. They are, as I have suggested, packed with combustible matter—hardly a point is touched on which feeling does not run high, the author's own feeling running higher than most. It is a book written in hot blood—and, therefore, neither peevish nor priggish. There is something astringent about the indignation, which has from time to time an attractive twinkle. Mr. Wells sees our present so-called society as "an infuriating congestion of uncongenial individuals": from this infuriation proceeds, he believes, and has proceeded for centuries, cruelty. He makes a reasoned attack on a "social frame" with which, as he disarmingly frankly says, he has little

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

WISE Old People must become bloated capitalists in

By Richard King

lovely Little Things if they are not to become merely bloated. And that, alas! is so easy to accomplish when there seems so little else to do other than to sit back comfortably and await death.

Each age has its abundance and its deprivation, but the art of living is to harvest the abundance and to endure the deprivations with as much courage as we can muster. Few accomplish this art—be they young, middle-aged or definitely old. They cannot perceive the abundance for the barrier of deprivation which appears to bar their happier way. Or perhaps it is because the abundance is so abundant that they treat it with the indifference of the over-familiar, the too easily garnered.

It often needs the prospect of farewell before we realise where our deepest happiness endures. So it is with people, so it is with things, so it generally is with the everyday minor joys of life itself. We cannot live ardently in the present because of the past, which is beyond recall, and the future, which never our wishes can fashion to our heart's desire. Thus we miss the smaller interests, the minor pleasures, the more embracing sympathies which, even more than the dramatic ones, can enrich life and carry us through to old age without becoming void and empty, and often senile in the process, with an enormous appetite and no interests.

Age, after all, is so much a question of the mental and emotional outlook,

and really so little a question of the years. I have known an utter psychological dreariness in the very young and an intense and vital curiosity in the very old. Personally, I can well imagine that old age—always providing that the next penny isn't of vital importance, a mental curbing which is devastating at any time of life—is as interesting as any other period of existence. It may not be as exciting, but it can be every bit as alive. Its daily pattern need not be frayed as youth is frayed by people and ambition, by jealousies and frustrations and loss. It is not frightened, it is not awed; it can even be secretly amused as it sits quietly back in the restfulness of life's finality.

And yet it still has things to learn—or should have. Not the least of which is learning to appreciate. Appreciate the lovely changes of the seasons, the music of the wind and of running water, wild flowers, the glory of the sunset, the wonder of the dawn; literature, poetry, art, the sanctuary which can be made of home. As well as so many of those lowly, lovely aspects of human life which surely God gave us as a hospital for sick souls. Providing that there still remains the tenacity to learn and to understand, they will remain ageless, psychologically for ever young. Only when they sit back merely to exist—worse still, to permit others to exist for them—do they become moribund in body, mind and soul.

**Long — Marling**

The marriage of Lt. Richard O. B. Long, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Lt.-Col. W. H. B. Long and of Mrs. Long, and Miss Marian Charlotte Marling, youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles and Lady Marling, took place at Westminster Cathedral

**Whitworth — Phillips**

Lt. Peter Whitworth, R.N.V.R., twin son of Admiral Sir William and Lady Whitworth, and Miss Evelyn Mary Phillips, only daughter of the Rev. J. B. Phillips, of Hackleton, Northamptonshire, and of the late Mrs. Phillips, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

**Kavanagh — Maxwell Woosnam**

Lt. Montague Gerald Kavanagh, The Life Guards, only son of Mrs. Kavanagh, of Dollan, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, and Miss Penelope June Maxwell Woosnam, younger daughter of Mrs. Maxwell Woosnam, of 20, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

**Holmes — Daubeny**

Capt. Desmond Holmes, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Mr. Eden Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, of Puttenham, Surrey, married Miss Yvonne Esmé Daubeny, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cyril Daubeny, of Kitis Farm, Churt, Surrey, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

**Gammell — Bowring Toms**

The marriage of Major G. S. Gammell, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. J. A. H. Gammell, and Miss Susan P. Bowring Toms, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bowring Toms, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

**Marjoribanks — Lyle**

Lt.-Cdr. James Bogue Marjoribanks, R.N., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Marjoribanks, of Rowchester, Greenlaw, Berwickshire, and Buenos Aires, married Miss Jean Macgregor Lyle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Lyle, of Little Bathampton, Wylde, Wilts., at Holy Trinity, Brompton

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

be able to join her husband shortly; Lady Marling was there; and Lady Scarsdale. Miss Wendy Sale-Barker was having a day off from her work as a ferry pilot with the A.T.A., which she has done since the beginning of the war, and enjoying the racing; Lady Stanley was discussing runners with her son, Lord Stanley; Lord Willoughby de Broke, one of the stewards, discussed post-war racing conditions; Lord Nunburnholme arrived on a bicycle, as did Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe; Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert and Mr. and Mrs. Van Cutsem, all very keen racing enthusiasts, came together all in a horse-drawn wagonette. Others who drove to the meeting were Capt. and Mrs. Brian Rootes in their governess-cart; Lady Diana Johnstone in a very snappy dog-cart; and Major and Mrs. George Glossop in a carriage.



Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. R. H. R. McGill

The wife of Major Robert H. R. McGill, the Scottish Horse, and daughter of Mr. David Robertson, M.P., works as a V.A.D. in a London hospital. Her husband, son of Mr. William McGill, J.P., is serving overseas.

Good Causes

THREE film premieres, all in excellent causes, are due within the next week or so. First there is *Lady in the Dark* (see p. 231), which is to be presented at the Plaza Theatre on May 31st in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital Welfare Fund, which looks after injured airmen.

The hospital, which was founded in 1863, is now at East Grinstead, and really wonderful work in healing terrible injuries is done there. Patron of the premiere committee is Lady Louis Mountbatten. With her, as joint presidents, are Lord and Lady Kindersley; as chairman, Mrs. Norman Laski; and as vice-chairmen, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Countess of Limerick, Lady Joan Portal and many others.

The second premiere is to take place on June 1st at the Gaumont, Haymarket, when Noel Coward's *This Happy Breed* will be shown to aid the Actors' Orphanage—"the Theatre's Own Charity." Mrs. Anthony Eden is chairman of the Selling Committee and Mr. Noel Coward president of the Fund. Among those supporting the benefit committee are Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Duchess of Marlborough, Viscount Camrose, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady May of Weybridge, and Mr. J. Arthur Rank. Many well-known actors and actresses have promised to make personal appearances.

The third will be the first showing of the latest Two Cities film, *The Way Ahead*, in which Colonel David Niven is the star. This will be at the Odeon Theatre on June 8th in aid of the 1939 War Fund and the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund.



Cooks in Conference

Mrs. George Royds, Lady Hall, Mrs. Spry and Mrs. Philip Hill were photographed while planning the lecture on wartime cookery, "Come into the Garden, Cook," to be given by Mrs. Spry on June 15th at the Dorchester Hotel. Proceeds from the lecture will go towards the endowment of the "Constance Spry Flower Bed" in the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

personal reason to quarrel. He denounces "leaders," sets out the case for world state and a world plan for education—"the teaching of nationalist history in schools," he says, "is as much a form of aggression as material armament"—but presents an equally strong argument for the preservation and fostering of national cultures. The section on the Universal Rights of Man (p. 36) will repay study. Personalities figure just as much as ideas—Gilles de Rais, General de Gaulle, John Ball (that man of Kent who was the first English Socialist), Beatrice Webb, General Smuts, Sir Richard Acland and Sir William Beveridge are among the many who come in for comment—a comment it would be understatement to call frank, and from which only three I have named have, apparently, nothing to fear. . . .

Not So Bad

ON this same order of things, Albert Thomas, author of *Wait and See* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), looks with a very much more acquiescent eye. There is, in fact, a distinct piquancy in reading Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Albert Thomas in the same week. Mr. Thomas, at present Butler to the Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, has written his autobiography—which do not, on any account, miss. I do not know if this is the first autobiography of a butler to be written. As the title suggests, while waiting you see a good deal: Mr. Thomas ("Pop" to his wife, and "John" at the period when he was a second footman) carries over that discretion that one associates with his main profession into authorship, and does not tell, one feels pretty certain, the half. What he does tell is exceedingly entertaining. Like Mr. Wells, he has his creed, his philosophy—in ways, he is happier than Mr. Wells, in that he sees little wrong with the "social frame" to which he subscribes by his way of life. Like many of us, he does not feel things are quite what they were. At the same time:

Whenever anything goes wrong and things seem awkward I always try and concentrate, and think of the days when things were very much worse. And when I compare those days to the days I am spending now, I nearly always succeed in becoming quite human again. . . . I have in my lifetime worked for some very wealthy people, and I can honestly and truthfully say I have never seen a very rich man happy. Here I am to-day in the midst of very learned, charming people, lovely old silver dating back to 1610 to garnish my dining-table with, wines as choice as any man ever had in his charge—and believe me, when a man has charge of such beautiful things he is never poor and never thirsty. It is being without those things that matter that makes one discontented. I see them every day and really they are as much mine as anyone's. I look after them, clean them, love them. To sit down and clean just one cup takes me quite an hour, and with the wireless softly playing I could—and do—rub and polish away thoroughly happy, knowing that the little dinner that is coming off will be all the better enjoyed if my silver is shining and my glass sparkling; for I always think that if one feeds the eye one has partly fed the guest. To me the mere planning of a dinner is a joy, the serving of it a pleasure. . . .

The whole of *Wait and See* is not, of course, pitched in this opening lyric mood. Mr. Thomas, as a man with a zest for life, could not fail to have an adventurous career, and we are told of a number of ups and downs. He fought in the Boer War and in the 1914 War, and went through some really hair-raising times during "the Troubles" in Ireland. He has twice, through no fault of his own, lost substantial savings, and has had to start all over again from scratch. He was the projector, and successful proprietor, of a cyclists' resort, called "The Brambledene," on the Yorkshire moors, and got yet another angle on life as catering manager of a sports palace in a Midland town, as manager of a Dartmoor hotel (in questionably desirable propinquity to the Princetown convicts), and as mine host of a country pub. In no department has Mr. Thomas failed; and his domestic life has been uniformly happy. But he likes change, and has felt, while in other spheres, a disturbing nostalgia for good society. The only employers he ever did not get on with were those who were not quite-quite—most notably, Madame Snob, on whom he took a quite inadvertent revenge, years later, that summer evening at Cowes. The passage of a very hot, very slippery new potato down the lady's décolletage caused her to leave the table. On the whole, most Madames did make for trouble—with the exception of a Duchess and the mysterious, ravishing Lady Dainty. You may share my keen joy in the Duke's revenge on the la-di-da post-office young lady. Everything, Mr. Thomas finds, goes to show that "the Real people were then, are now, and will always be, the Real thing."

All the same, you will find him a sturdy critic. He honours his own profession—but he is far from blind: in the long run we get from him, if only by implication, indictments no less rousing than Mr. Wells's. If, apart from this war, we are ceasing to get good servants, may this be, perhaps, because we cease to deserve them?

Our Theatre

"THE BRITISH THEATRE," by W. Bridges-Adams (Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon), is an excellent contribution to the "British Life and Thought" Series, published for the British Council, at 1s. a volume, by Messrs. Longmans Green. Here we have a study of the development of our theatre, from the times of the mime and morality play up to the present day. It is, in the main, as the author shows, independent, romantic rather than classical, more apt for comedy than for tragedy. The prospects for a National Theatre are discussed—the author in favour of State support, but not of State control.

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We have had two "Special Packs," with our "Powder-Puff design" since the War began. Stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, the contents of which (in spite of its "Spartan simplicity") are of pre-war quality and perfection.

No change whatsoever has occurred in the formula or processing and the ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity.

BEWARE of "Air Spun" offered loose, or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

The necessities of war must for the time being limit the production of Coty Air Spun and other Beauty aids which have thrilled the world of women, but we are confident the time is now within sight when we hope the removal of restrictions will enable Coty to provide all the indispensable aids to Beauty.



Coty AIR SPUN
THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

C128

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere.

A good story about Theodore Roosevelt is told in *The Christian Science Monitor*. A delegation from Kansas, calling upon Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, was met by the President with coat and collar off.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, mopping his brow, "I'm delighted to see you, but I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn and we'll talk things over while I work."

When they reached the barn, there was no hay waiting to be thrown into the mow.

"James!" shouted the President to his hired man in the loft, "where's that hay?"

"I'm sorry, sir," admitted James, "but I just ain't had time to throw it because you forked it up for yesterday's delegation."

Two children were being interviewed by their headmaster at their new school, who finding that they were born on the same day and in the same year, remarked: "Oh, so you are twins?"

"Oh, no, sir, we're not twins!" said one of them.

"But people born on the same day and in the same year are always called twins," the head explained.

"But, we're not twins," persisted the boy, "we're what's left of triplets."

A DOCTOR's telephone rang one night, awakening him from a fitful slumber. It was one of his regular patients, a man in a wild state of alarm.

"My wife, doctor," he shouted. "It's her appendix. You'd better come round and see her at once."

The doctor sighed and told the man to go back to bed.

"Give her some bicarbonate of soda and I'll look in tomorrow."

The husband became even wilder, insisting that she did have appendicitis.

"Well, she can't have," the doctor snapped. "I took her appendix out years ago, and I never heard of any one having two appendices."

"Ever heard of anybody having two wives?" the man asked bitterly.

AN Eastern potentate, who wanted to know how many men were afraid of their wives, sent for all his married subjects and commanded those who always obeyed their wives to stand on one side.

Seeing to his surprise that a very small man was the only one who did not do so, he asked him why such a

puny individual as himself had a mind of his own.

"When I left home, your Majesty," explained the man, "I promised my wife I would not go in any crowd."

THIS is taken from *Transatlantic*, London.

It must be admitted that there are refined shudders in certain American circles at the mention of the British "Empire." But there is the problem of just what to call it. To illustrate what can happen there is the story of the young lady who reported for work at one of the many offices in Washington. The first telephone call was for a Major Jones. She made inquiries.

"Major Jones," she was told, "has gone to the United Kingdom."

The young lady returned to the telephone.

"I'm sorry," she reported into it, with proper solemnity, "but Major Jones is dead."

TOMPKINS was passing the offertory bag in church when a woman hurried in. She walked quickly down the aisle, stopped by Tompkins, dropped a penny in the bag and moved to a seat.

Tompkins was at the last pew when the woman came hustling back. She snatched a penny from the bag, and was passing out of the church when Tompkins touched her arm.

"I say," he muttered, "why do you come in here, drop a coin in the bag and then take it out again and leave?"

The woman shook him off indignantly. "I'm in the wrong church," she said.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Lingerie—sans lace, sans embroidery, sans everything but the beauty of the fabric itself! Yet, the plain fashion of war-time Lingerie in 'Celanese' is well-suited to present needs. Simple to launder and long-lasting in its wear.



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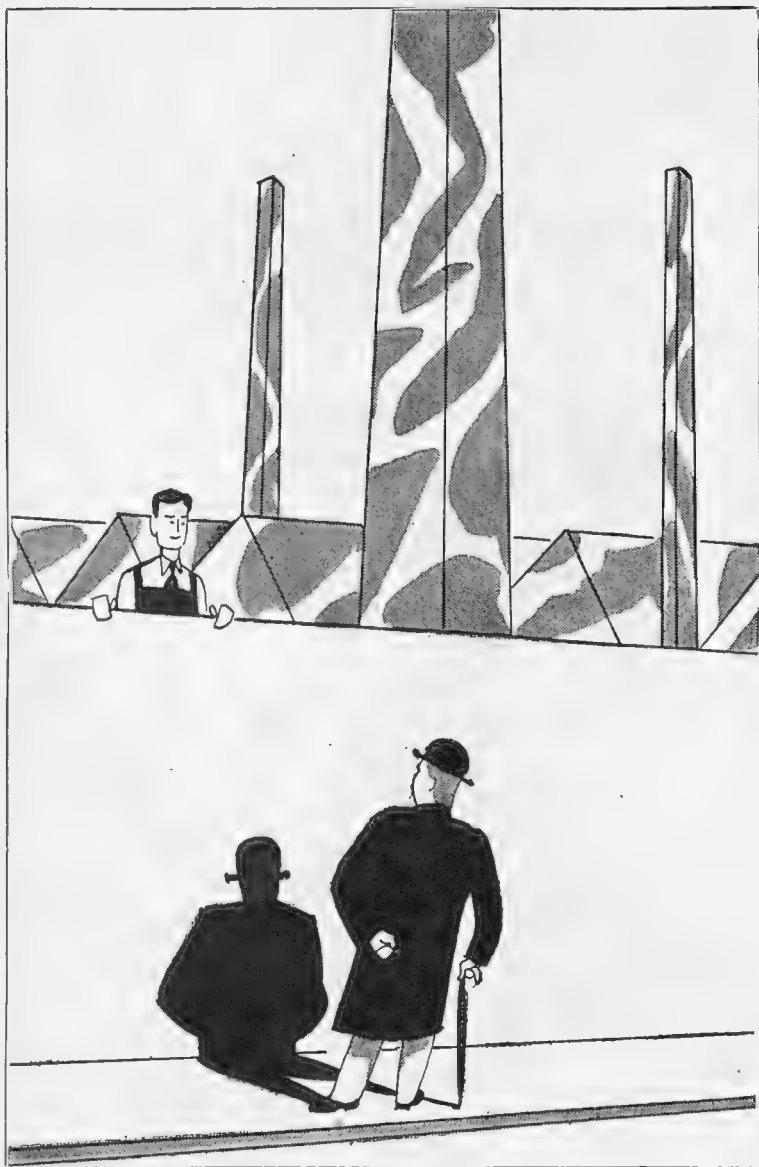
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But our lips are sealed by the Secret List. Until the time comes when the story can be told, we must carry on the good work in silence. This much we can say—no grass grows under our feet.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Traffic in Odours

I AM obsessed by the question of why people want to travel. It is necessary for all who advocate aviation to be sure on that point. Although I was once an enthusiastic motorist, I now wonder if I would mind if I never again saw a motor car. I seek the reason that formerly caused me to motor so energetically. It is not "communication," for we are now able to communicate more quickly by telephone, telegram and cable. In the future, communications will improve and be supplemented by television so that one will be able to talk with one's friends and business associates and see them when one is talking. Already the efficient business executive has on his desk one of those infernal machines whereby, at the touching of a button, the golden secretarial voice speaks. It is not a big step from that to the speaking image, to the time when all the world's a screen. Why, therefore, should we trouble to move our bodies when the talking images can do all the work and do it much more swiftly?

Those screen images, conveyed electronically, will give the words and the thoughts. The only things that they will not give are the odours and the touch. Today, touch is not important. We do not greet our business acquaintances with a kiss, our handshake is getting more and more perfunctory. We dislike touching one another and shall, in the future, become yet more averse from contact. Is the purpose of the transport vehicle, therefore, to convey the smell? Shorn of its picturesque propaganda, is the real reason we want to visit a place and are not content to see it and hear it on the screen that we also want to know its odour? Is the future of aviation dependent upon the nose?

The Market

I VENTURE to discuss this seemingly frivolous matter at length because unless we are clear about it we shall not devise the best means of encouraging aviation. If you ask the average air-line operator to describe the people he hopes to sell tickets to, he is not usually very explicit. That mysterious, ubiquitous person the "business man" comes into it, of course. He is a person who is always in a hurry and is always ready to spend money to travel fast. But apart from him, the "types" are few. If the businessman is well served with communications and if he can sit round the electronic conference table with the talking images of his clients and associates, that will surely be his best way of carrying through his transactions. He will surely not want to fly or go by car or ship. Unless, that is, the smell comes into it.

Dr. Leonard Williams reminded an audience not long ago that Darwin said that a person falls in love not because he likes the look of a woman or admires her intellectual attainments or moral virtues, but because of her smell. Is this, then, the "imponderable bloom" of human intercourse mentioned by Forster? Is it the hope for the future of the passenger transport vehicle and above all for the high-speed passenger aeroplane?

Boom, Boom

LONDON was pleased a few weeks ago to get a glimpse, in the sky far above, of a number of Lightnings. It always likes to see British and American aircraft overhead and in this case the pleasure was sharpened by the fact that identification was easy and almost everybody could name the machine. I suppose that it is now justifiable to say that the Lightning has achieved full success as a single-seat fighter. It has done well both in the European and in the Pacific theatres. Yet I doubt if it will cause the twin-boom formula to become much more popular.

It is hard to pin down just what a twin-boom machine can do that a conventional single-fuselage machine cannot. In a pre-war Fokker fighter (I forget its number) there was a rational basis for the design. There is a rational basis in some flying boats like the Italian transatlantic machines of Balbo's fleet and the present German Blohm & Voss 138; but often it is hard to assign any good cause. The Lightning's chief fighting advantage seems to be the central grouping of all the guns, which eliminates harmonizing troubles and aids accurate fire. But this is not the outcome of twin booms. The Mosquito has the same advantage. It is always stimulating to see a famous designer breaking away from convention and it is a mistake to decry such departures without good reason. But I have yet to hear a really strong case made out for twin booms in military aircraft.


Good Work

I WOULD say that the Lightning succeeds because the overall design is so good and because so many details are admirably thought out. The oppositely rotating airscrews—tried by us in a Blenheim, I think, but rejected—are said to give a well balanced control without any oneness. The quick-acting manoeuvring flaps have been highly commended by operational pilots who have used them in combat. Then there is the advantage which twin-engined single-seaters are apt to have over single-engined in forward outlook for the pilot. Originally it was thought that the twin-engined fighter would be needed for long-range escort duties because the single-engined machine would not be able to cover the distance. That is no longer true, for the Mustang can be hung with auxiliary tanks which give it the fuel reserves that are needed.



A Dog's Day

They were watching the dogs of a military police detachment demonstrate their usefulness as guardians of military property at the Ninth Air Force Headquarters station. Lieut.-Col. J. Y. Baldwin, Brig.-Gen. Victor H. Strahm, Chief of Staff Ninth U.S. Air Force, and Group Captain N. E. Clifton, Deputy Chief of Staff, R.A.F. Liaison, enjoyed the show.



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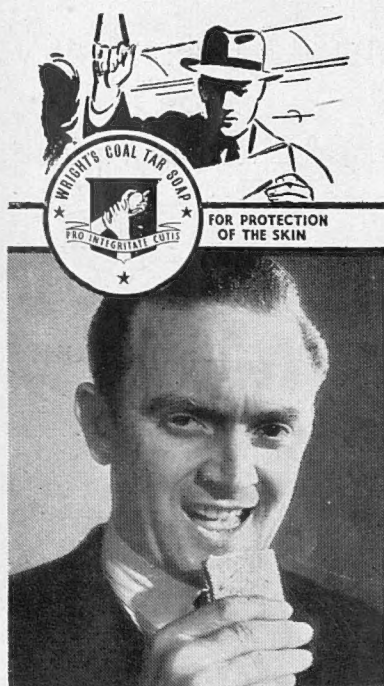
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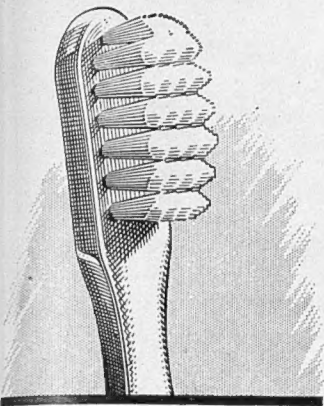
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